Fisher College presents

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A Note from the Editors

Dear Fisher College Community,

Art is all around us. The artwork and writing in this edition of *The Charles Viewer* demonstrate the depth of our community's creative minds and the ways they complement each other. From the brightly colored works from students like Wilberto Colon to the stark cover image from Choon-Hee Chae; from the call to unity of Ibissam Daif to Andrew Folkes' exploration of the unknown in his "Trilogy," our contributors show that Fisher Students have no boundaries to their expression.

Our magazine embraces the first amendment of the United States constitution in that it provides a platform in which our students can let their imaginations run wild and breathe life into their thoughts whether it be in short stories, drawings, paintings, or poetry.

Students have willfully shared a piece of themselves in these pages, and we are fortunate to be able to help them reach the wider Fisher College community. There is no doubt that as you journey through these pages, you get to peek into the window of these artists' minds.

We'd like to thank Dr. Alan Ray, President of Fisher College; Dr. Janet Kuser, Vice President of Academic Affairs; Dr. Danielle Herget, Division Chair of Liberal Arts; Caroline Wright, Director of Student Engagement and Retention; Amanda Matarese, Director of Student Activities, Michael Crawford, Marketing and Communications Director, and others too numerous to list. Without their support, this publication would not have been possible.

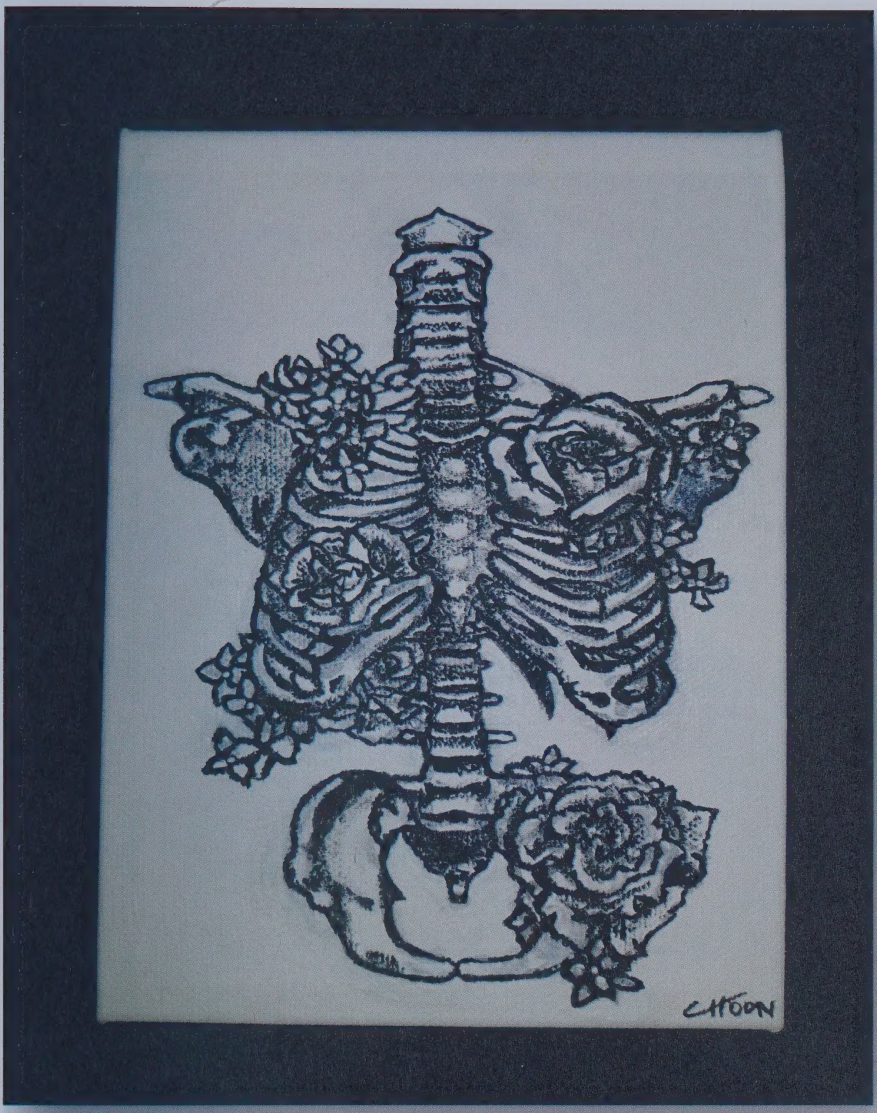
The Charles Viewer Editorial Staff:

Andrew Folkes, Editor in Chief

Mackenzie Bell and Choon-Hee Chae, Editors

Drs. Stephen Lento and Nicole DePolo, Faculty Advisors

Wilberto Colon, Pointillism Painting

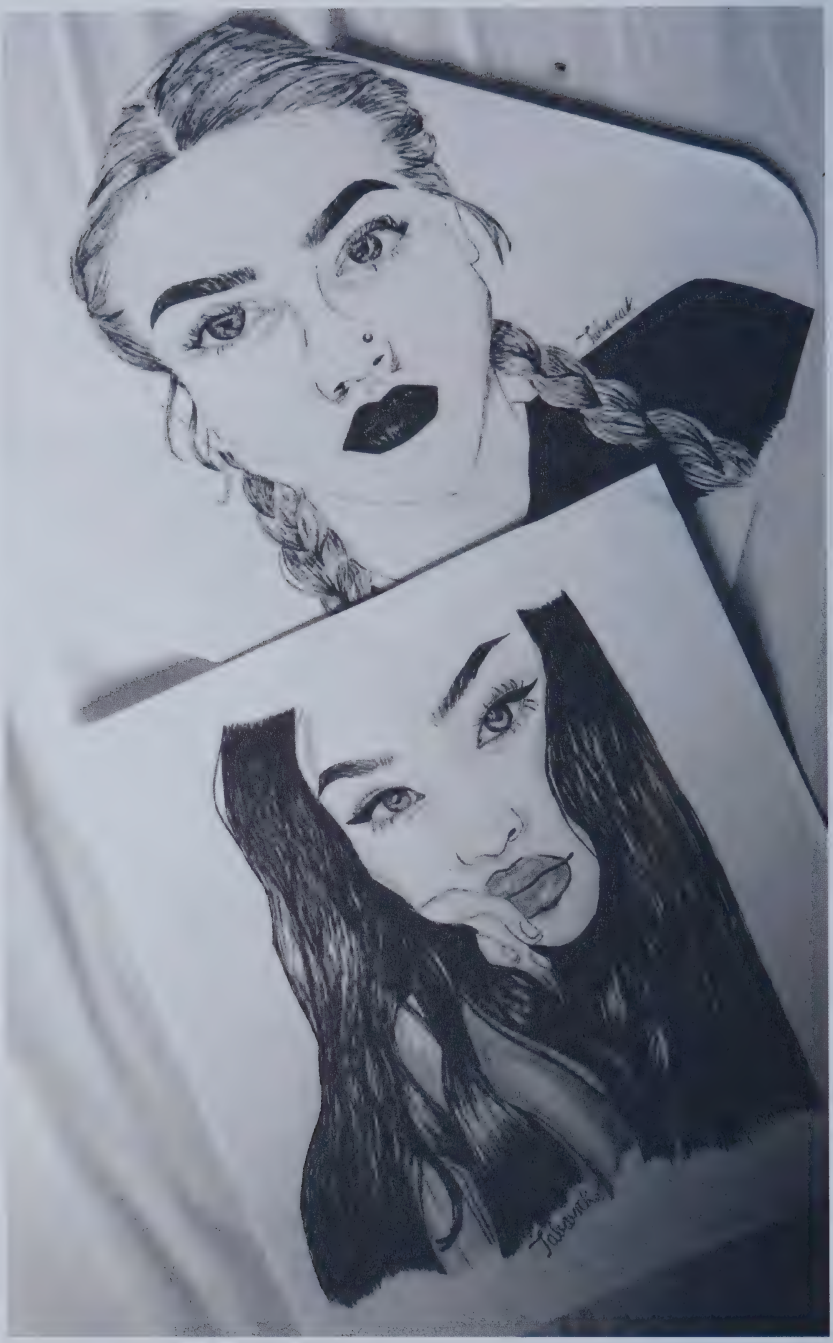


Choon-Hee Chae, from Beauty in Darkness Series

"Learn to find the beauty and darkness within the mind and body."

Tabarak Ismael,

Her!



Brandon Rembert

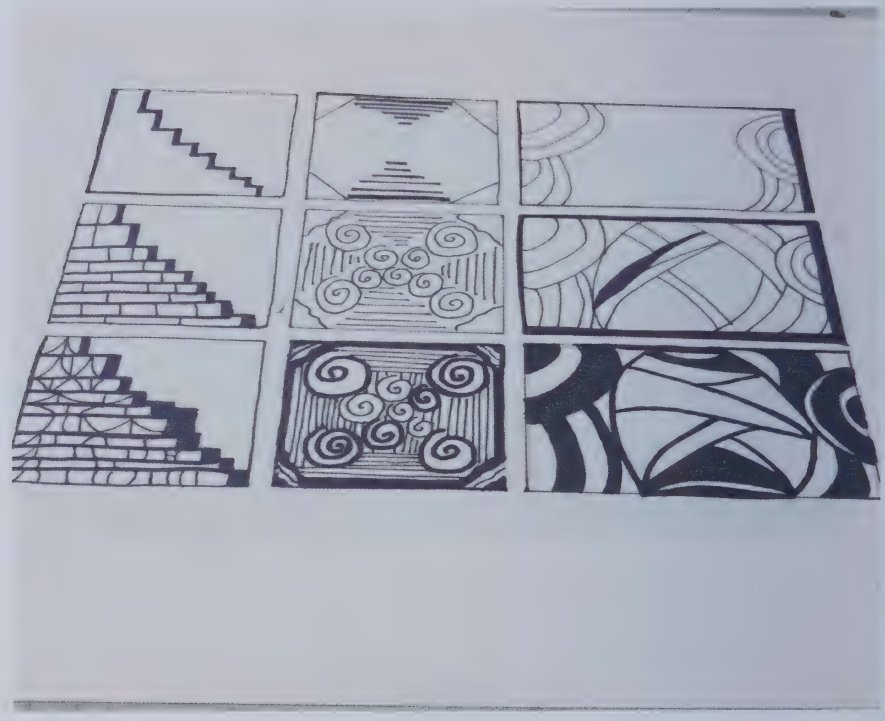
Impasto Painting

Jorge Sanchez,
Color Spectrum
(Detail)

Esmeralda Sanchez,

Impasto Painting

Soribel Baez,
Untitled



Soribel Baez,

Untitled

Untitled

Ibissam Daif

Praying for all the souls that died because of bigotry, hatred, fear of the unknown, and ignorance .

So many of the problems that we face today would be solved if we only take the "risk" to communicate with others that are different than us. I urge everyone to communicate with each other and see everyone first and foremost as a human, without any labels. What matters indeed is kindness, manners, and ethics. We should judge people based on these metrics and neither generalize nor label an entire community based on the actions of a few people that come from that same community.

We should not judge Religion based on the actions of the people that believe in this religion. I believe that religion is perfect, but we are not. All religions call for goodness and peace on this earth. We do not represent them and they do not represent us; everyone represents

themselves and each should be held accountable or praised for their own actions. Why? Because we are human, and as a human being, there are good people and bad people everywhere.

The past and the present demonstrate this. There is no pure race There is only one race – the Human race!!

We are all human beings, and there is evil and good in all communities. Understanding this would really bring about a deep feeling of serenity, harmony, enlightenment, acceptance, and love. So many hearts don't get to feel it, only pure hearts do.

We might have different opinions, ideologies, cultures, religions, and norms that shape who we are, but we have so many things in common because we are simply a creation of God (human being). We should be able to embrace these differences without losing our own identities and values. I may disagree with you, but I respect you because you are a dignified human being.

Finally, beautiful souls attract beautiful souls regardless of their ethnic routes. Where there is love, there is peace. In the words of a woman, I met today in her 90s, "Never settle for less. Spread your wings, and fly. PS. I love you!"

Let's try to be more kind to each other, we do not know when our last breath in this earth will be. Let's share more genuine smiles, and spread #love - #حب 💝.

#Ibtissam #ابتسام ☺

Killing without Weapons

Jinduo Wu

The photo "Saigon Execution" was taken by Eddie Adams. The photo received Pulitzer prize in 1969 and has been selected into 100 the most influential photo in history. There are many more prize and awards that the photo acquired. But this photo was the most regret photo that Eddie Adam took in his entire life. Eddie said "Two people died in that photograph: the recipient of

the bullet and General Nguyen Ngoc Loan. The photograph is simple and easy to understand that a person held his gun toward another person's head, but people need to know the story behind the photograph, the color of the picture, and the story of the person inside the photograph.

The scene in the photograph happens in the Vietnam War. It was on the street of Saigon on Feb 1, 1968 two days after the attack of the people's army of Vietnam. According to the news, "the Viet Cong set off the Tet offensive and swarmed into dozens of South Vietnamese cities." The two characters in this photo were General Nguyen Ngoc Loan, the head of the national police in South Vietnam and Nguyen Van Lem, the captain of the terrorist who attacks several cities in South Vietnam. He also killed the whole family of General's friend. After Eddie Adams took this picture,

he was immediately sent back to America. The picture was in the headlines of all the newspapers after that day, and there was a video taken by someone else. The TV and other media showed the video to the public on the night of the same day. The bloody scene provoked the American public. The public would not allow a person been killed without being judged by the law. They also believed that the man who was killed was an innocent bystander because he was wearing a shirt and dressed like a civilian, so they didn't realize that he was the captain of the terrorists. The American public considered that the Vietnamese people who had weapons ignored the importance of life and treated it with indifference. The photos and misunderstanding of the news promoted the Anti-War movement into the next stage. People just looked at the superficial thing with-

out thinking what is truly inside the photo. We cannot understand how angry General Nguyen Ngoc Loan was. The day of the terrorist onset was the Lunar New year, and according to a few years before, everyone had agreed to stop the war on the New Year. The South Vietnamese government also allowed the people to have fireworks as a traditional event. The gunfire mixed with the fireworks, and the war started again. Back to the photo, before the captain Nguyen Van Lem was caught by the General, He had just killed 34 innocent people who were involved. The terrorists had a whole list of people who did not cooperate with them in the revolution, so they killed them. Roughly about 6000 people on the list were buried alive, and those people were foreign journalists, college professors, and so on. They murdered those people in many inhuman ways. After a few years, there was an interview about

Eddie Adams, and they asked him why he did not stop the general for firing. Eddie Adams said, "Why should I stop him, He was doing the right thing." The photograph only tells part of the story.

The color of the photograph is in the form of black and white. Most of the war photographs were in black and white. From the psychological aspect, people will give color emotion when they see specific color and, they will feel a certain way. Just like when people see blue, they might feel calm. When the photo is black and white, people will focus more on the content of the picture and on the implication of the image. The Photographer said when people forget about the color, at that time, they will be close to the core of the image. In this photo, Eddie Adams chooses the black and white version instead of the color version. He wants people to fo-

cus on the two people in the photo, not the background or other stuff inside the picture. The black and white indicate how cruel and brutal the war is.

Eddie Adams has regretted taking that picture for his whole life. The way people understand the photo is not the way he wants people to know about the Vietnam War. General Nguyen Ngoc Loan killed the Captain with the gun, and Eddie Adams killed General Nguyen Ngoc Loan with the camera at that moment. General Nguyen Ngoc Loan had a really tough life after the war because of the photos, and he became the symbol of the devil and the war. During wartime, the majority of the battlefield hospital refused to treat him. Even after the war, the impact was still left in the world. He went to one of the hospitals in Australia, and the same thing happened again. The hospital refused to take care of him. He has to transfer to American. He lived without

peace in America for the rest of his life. People held protests to expel him; however, these did not go through. He opened a small restaurant in Virginia. People could not forgive him and painted the sentence on the wall: "We know what you did". General Nguyen Ngoc Loan had not done anything wrong.

"Still photographs are the most powerful weapons in the world. People believe them; but photographs do lie, even without manipulation." When we understand the story behind photos, the character of the images, and the color of the photos, the picture becomes another story to everyone. General Nguyen Ngoc Loan never blamed to Eddie Adams, even when Eddie Adams asked him: If he needed any help because of his photograph. The General refused and told him that we all have our duty. Now, Will you believe what you see in a photograph.

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A Career

Stefanie Salguero

Blood flows under that Rolex
Time ticks onward again
As the sun shines on that Leather shoe
And turns into a shadow
The cool pavement sleeps

Tomorrow morning the
Grey cubicle is awake and ready
She is waiting for
Those fingers to slide across
Steadily making words on the keys
Come alive and find a home on the screen

Breathing deeply
the Office
Printer sings as documents emerge
Fresh from the womb
Without a mother
Send to the files
To be read and forgotten

It's lunch time, Oh Boy
11:30am, a meeting at 12pm
Granola bar and last nights chicken
Why haven't you washed that Tupperware?
It's been a month and you've been
Reusing it again and again

The car horns on the way home
An irritating ambulance is in your way
How inconveniently the person having a heart attack
Wishes to storm through traffic
The audacity!
You turn the radio up
To silence the anger and jealousy

Cash ATM
7,514$ pay day baby
Pulsating and swollen
Hot and horny
Money moans as she climaxes into the hands

Purpose is tangible now, looking at you
The birds chirping
Can you listen?
Can you hear?
You can't anymore
Time is money
Money is God

Questions will do no good
For the answers are all that matter
The demand and the push
The going and gone
Reflection lies dead along with creativity
I will bury them for you
And put flowers on their grave.

It's a Funeral, Charlie Brown!

- Mackenzie Bell

"Where did it all go wrong Charlie?" Linus said, flopping down onto the couch, handing Charlie a beer.

"Pardon?" Charlie responded, taking the beer

from Linus and popping it open.

"Everything was just so hunky dory when we were kids. Where did it all go wrong?" Linus cracked open his beer and took a sip. Charlie remained silent, looking around the living room. His eyes fixated on the formica pattern wallpaper he hadn't seen it since 1957. It was the same wallpaper that he had in his room when he was a kid. The same wallpaper that littered most of the houses in his neighborhood. Charlies mind flooded with nostalgic memories.

"First Franklin, now Pig Pen. How many more funerals am I going to have to attend this year?." Linus went for another sip of his beer, but missed, spilling a little on his suit and tie.

"Shit." Linus said, looking down at his stained tie. He was already drunk, and the beer wasn't helping, nor

was it washing away the dejection he felt at that moment.

"Have a little compassion Linus, he was a our friend. His name isn't-..." Charlie violently paused, as if he had something caught in his throat…

"Wasn't... Pig Pen… His name was Will." Linus shrugged, and held his bottle of beer like a blanket. Charlie frowned, and stared at the wall in front of him. He was once again tantalized by the wallpaper, It made him think of a simpler time. A time where a group of kids could walk the streets of their hometown in the dead of night, looking for the great pumpkin. A time where the doghouse lying in his backyard was occupied, by a funny, black and white, floppy eared dog. A time where Schroeder played his piano for Lucy, Sally and him to dance to. A time where Linus's safety blanket

was a blanket, and not liquor. A time where Will was still called Pig Pen, and the dirt covered his skin rather than his casket.

"We weren't ready to grow up and face life. That's where it went wrong." Charlie said, turning to Linus. Proving Charlie's point perfectly, he was slumped over drunk, his head on Charlie's shoulder. Beer bottle pressed up against his face, thumb in his mouth, Linus snored his sorrows away in a drunken slumber.

"Good Grief…" Charlie Brown silently said, taking a sip of his beer.

The Corpse

- Mackenzie Bell

I saw a corpse yesterday in a bar in Boston. Not the kind of corpse you bury. Not the kind of corpse that oozes bile and maggots. Not the kind of corpse that leaves a nasty smell in your walls or a felony on your record. Not the kind corpse that's found delicately wrapped up in a carpet in a landfill in Connecticut… But the kind of corpse that washes away its problems over a glass of cheers in a dive bar on Newbury street. The kind of corpse that was killed during his short lived childhood on Cape Cod.

"Holy shit!" The Corpse yelled across the bar like a zombie with rotten jaw. It caught me by surprise as I

entered with two of my friends.

"Little Finn Kelly! C'mere ya bastard!" Its knees buckled and posture warped as it shambled towards me. My eyes squinted as it approached, but my lids pulled back as I started to recognize its posthumous face.

"Lonnie! Oh my god, I haven't seen you in years." I said, putting out a hand to shake. The corpse ignored my hand and walked through it, as it stretched its arms around my rib cage and squeezed. I let out an auditory gasp.

"Eighteen years!" It said, letting go.

"That long?" I responded with an auditory sigh of relief.

"He- How are ya Finn?"

"I'm great Lonnie. I'm just fine. And you?" It

blinked at me with a half conscious lazy twitch.

"I'm fantastic. Better than ever. Like a pig in- HCK!" A violent hiccup forced the corpses chest backward like a punch. "L- Like a pig in sssshhhhit." It said giggling. As the digraph left its mouth, a cloud of stench wafted across my face. It was heavy and smelled of an Irish cadaver. Rotten flesh and whiskey.

The corpse brought me away from my friends and sat me down on a stool at the bar. I couldn't take my eyes off of its face, It wasn't how I remembered. Gaunt eyes and sallow flesh like a vampire. Cuts, scabs scars and bruises on his skin, like barnacles on an oil rig. A sheer contrast of the handsome, well kempt young man I knew years ago. Something had killed him, damaged him irreparably and left him a husk of his former self. Something from its childhood. Our childhood.

"Whiskey! Aaaan, whatever he wants." The corpse said pointing to me.

"A coke." I said. The bartender placed down two glasses and poured two drinks in front of us. One alcoholic, and one otherwise. The corpses jaw unhinged as it poured the whiskey down its gullet with ease, then it paused.

"Finn Kelly." It said under its breath... It sat reminiscing for a moment. "You, Jordan and I, 'The Three Kings of the Cape.'" He said smiling, but his smile turned to a blank stare. The name Jordan bounced around my head for a few moments. From the corpses silence, I could tell it bounced around his too. Cape Cod wasn't a good place to grow up. It seems like a beautiful vacation destination, which in the summers

it is. But in the off seasons, it's a desolate, wasteland, void of any tangible apprehension... Imagine, all of your senses but sight are dulled. Nothing sounds right, so you stop listening. Nothing tastes right, so you stop eating. Nothing feels right, so you stop desiring. You're just stuck there, unable to do anything while you and the people around you suffer for no reason. Those of us who left didn't do so out of adolescent rebellion. We did so to survive. And not many of us succeeded.

"What'erya doin' in town Finn? Family troubles?"

"Na, I'm here talking to a publisher about my book."

"BOOK?!" It yelped, nearly hopping out of its rotten skin. "Finns writing a book eh?"

"Yeah I am, been writing it for a while now. Trying to find a publisher to sell it." I responded.

"Finn Kelly is a writer. Jesus Christ. What'aya writing about?" He asked with a proud grin. His eyes lit up and face flushed with color. Which for a moment gave me a warm feeling of accomplishment, but that was short lived.

The name Jordan passed through my mind once again. My synapses in my brain fired with memories like kodak film. Memories of walking to cumbies in the dead of winter and chucking icicles like javelins at vehicles passing by. Memories of warm summer nights under the stars with a nice cigar and a liter of orange soda. Memories of simple things that made life a little less unbearable. Memories that arrived so easily and ended so

"Lead Rain"

-Mackenzie Bell

April 30th, 1917.

Aisne, France.

The captain blew his whistle. It shook my body like the wail of a banshee. I, along with nine dozen other men rushed over the wall, as bullets cracked in the air around us.The adrenaline filled yells of the men around me, filled me with a primal rage. My heart pumped diesel fuel as I jumped from crater to cavity dodging the shells whizzing by me. Like flashes of lightning illuminating the sky, mortars blinded me with their fiery explosions from the soil. The ground shook and morphed as if it were going to collapse under my feet. For a moment everything went quiet. The thump of my mechanical heart and the wheeze of my iron lungs were the only thing that kept me company. Everything around me was completely black, the only light god provided me was the streaks of hot lead that were cascading in the sky

like rain.

Eventually the strobing subsided, and the noise came flooding back to my ears, but there was still silence. The only sound that I could hear, was the thumping of the soft, wet mud below me. My heart began to thump slower, and slower, as did my boots. Eventually, I found myself at a standstill, staring at the sky above me, it was lit up like new years eve on the Thames, I was dumbfounded. I swung around to see if the men behind me were as tantalized as I was, but nothing stood behind me but bloody, appendage filled clay. Nearly one hundred men breached the the wall with me, and fifty men were swallowed whole by the black abyss that lies beneath the muddy terrain.

Begleiter

Mackenzie Bell

"Begleiter?" I said from the desk in my room.

"Yes sir?" A funneled German voice said, echoing down the hall leading to my living room.

"Are we friends?" A Silence filled my apartment. It lasted several seconds, before it was broken by the sound of heavy metal footsteps, and servos clopping down the hallway. My office chair squeaked as I turned away from my desk. A tall, grey, seven foot tall android stood in my doorway. Its slim Cylindrical legs made up three quarters of its height, and it's torso was split into two, the bottom half being slimmer, but becoming broader towards the shoulders. It's arms were almost as long as long as it's legs, and its head looked like a small

football helmet, with an LCD screen for a face guard. Different linear faces would show up on his screen, simulating emotions, depending on how he processes emotions. A confused face was currently being portrayed.

"I'm sorry sir?" It said with a funneled German accent.

"Are we friends Begleiter?" Once again, a silence entered the room. Begleiter looked down at the floor, as his face went from confused to plain. He took a second to think, and looked back up at me, as his face turned to confused again.

"I'm not sure sir." He said with a tint of insecurity.

"Do you know when my birthday is?"

"March Sixteenth, nineteen ninety nine."

"And my parents name?"

"Audrey and Maxwell."

"My favorite television show?"

"M.A.S.H."

"My favorite movie?"

"Singin' in the Rain."

"So you know all of these intricate things about me, and you're not sure if we're friends?" Once again, the Begleiter faced the floor and pondered what I had said for a few moments. After a small silence, he looked back up at me.

"Well to be as candid as I can be sir, I was programmed to collect a comprehensive analysis of your person, so I can better suit the day to day needs of my host. Which is you sir." He responded. I stared and

smiled at Begleiter for a moment. Eventually I turned back to my desk and continued my work.

"Well Begleiter, to be candid as I can be, I am being paid to create a comprehensive analysis of your errors or defects, so I can better suit the day to day needs of other hosts. If an android such as yourself is defective, it could cost my company millions, so you and I are here to stop that." I finished and continued to scribble in my notebook, but I could feel Begleiters presence behind me, thinking. "Something wrong Begleiter?" I said as I looked over my shoulder at him.

"Sir?" He said insecurely.

"Yes Begleiter?" I responded.

"If I were defective, what would you do with me?"

"Well, we'd have to wipe your memory banks,

and your hard drive. Rewrite your central turning code and then we'd have to start from scratch, make new emotions, memories, thoughts, et cetera."

"So, you would kill me?"

"Well… We're renovating you to make a better you, for our customers."

"So, you would kill me…"

"I wouldn't put it like that…" I responded. He sat once again in ponderence. This time with a longer pause than usual. I could hear a processor in his helmet begin to 'wir' violently. I may have pushed its artificial intelligence to its limit.

"Sir?" He said.

"Yes Begleiter?" I responded. "Im still listening."

"Are we friends?" He asked.

"Yes Begleiter. I think of us as friends." His head ducked down once again and up with a quizzical expression.

"Do humans often destroy and rebuild each other?"

"No, I cant say we do Begleiter, 'To err is human', we like to say."

"Oh…" Begleiter said. "Well, correct me if Im wrong but, you created me?"

"Your consciousness yes…" I said.

"You created my emotions, my memories?"

"Yes, Begleiter."

"Everything that makes me sentient was created by you, a human. So by proxy, Im every bit as human

as you." He finished.

"You see Begleiter…. The difference between you and I lies in our pasts. I've made many mistakes in my life. Many of which mended me into the man I am today. The man who created you and all of the past versions of yourself that did not work and that had to be wiped. I've learned from my mistakes." Begleitetes face turned confused.

"So have I. I don't remember my past selves but they're every bit a part of me as your programming."

I smiled. I have had this conversation over three dozens times with Begleiter. But none of them had been this extensive. Usually he would have burst a processor by now. So I should probably cut this short before we hit HAL 9000 territory.

"I have a lot of work to do Begleiter." I said. He

stopped for a moment and then a blank face showed up on his screen.

"Very well sir…" Said as he turned around and began to clop back towards the living room. Every defeated bash onto the floor boards, tugged at my heart strings. I hope I hadn't hurt his feelings.

"Begleiter?" I called.

"Yes sir?" He said, turning to me.

"I'm sorry, I hope we're still friends." He said. He sat for a moment. Longer than usual.

"To err is human. To forgive divine." He responded.

"She Did Like to Burn Things"

- Mackenzie Bell

She did like to burn things. That silly girl. She sat behind the bleachers, and lit fires in her red wheelbarrow. I used to visit her back there, and give her gifts. Dolls, action figures, and books. All things that can be doused in petrol and burned. I'd look at her and smile, while inhaling the fumes of lighter fluid and burnt plastic. She was my first love. The fire of passion in my heart scolded hotter than any of the G.I. Joe's she's ever burned in that red hot wheelbarrow. I never caught her name, but I'll never forget her smile. The tiny grin she would release when I brought her my sister's Barbie dolls. I still think of her time to time. Faint flickers pass through the back of my mind when I see a house fire on the news. "There she goes burning

again." I say, laughing over a hot mug of coffee in the morning. "That mysterious girl I fell in love with so many years ago…"

Untitled Poem
Jorge Sanchez

The least expected day,
we woke up together but,
we were going to do separate along the way

Happy feelings we live,
the distance will separate us,
it will be improving our lives

You are my favorite person,
someday we will see each other again.

Farewell My Lady

Katherine Herrera Sepulveda

Farewell my lady
Forget me not
Eyes, lips, and hands to miss.

Farewell my lady
Though I must go, suffer not yet,
To fight the war I go.

Farewell my lady
Forget me not.

Untitled Poem

Analee Durand

I spotted a couple, with an extraordinary grip.
A grip like no other I've perceived.
A wind of wonders.
Waiting for the train with a mind full of curiosity.
I felt a breeze hit me gently.
An enchantment from a far.
I looked at my surroundings and felt that breeze again.
I asked myself why is it so cold?
But realized nothing ever stays warm.

ME AND YOU
Giraud Resolu

The light to my darkness
I wake up every night thinking about how your not next to me.
We share our love even though we're miles apart.
How long do I have to wait to see you?

You asked me if I had feelings for you the answer is yes I do,

You are the yin to my yang
You are close to my heart
You are my new light
And my new hope

The light to my darkness
So sorry but I have to go.

Chaos broke loose in heaven that day, and it was never quite the same after that. Mostly because there was no one left. No one left? How can heaven be completely empty? You must be thinking this, am I right? But as shocking as it to hear it was, all the pretty angles had fallen and took a pretty rough fall. They fell right into hell.

A once fallen angel himself. Gods right hand man

was the cause. Every day he goes against god in some way. Whether its letting his demons and ghosts run amuck around earth; possessing humans or haunting one's house. But this time was different, this time he really made an impact that could not be reversed, with faith nor prayer. He searched all of earth to gather all the magic he possibly could. He took all the magical beings; from witches, warlocks, wizards, to all legendary creatures that harnessed any type of power. And fed them all to his children in hell and to himself. It was like the first supper. He and his children all sat on a long table that reached miles and miles. Screams came from the dinner table as they ate all the creatures alive!

"You can't cook these creatures or you'll lose all the magic" the great red evil one said.

Sinful laughter filled the room up, as they continued to

bite down on their feast. As the children ate, they grew! Grew and grew! They were full and filled with new-found power. This pleased him, and his plan was half way complete.

The next part of his plan was for his children to "play". He brought them all right under heaven. Close enough you can see the beautiful angels dancing around, but little did they know they would be dragged to their death. He told his not so little children "play"

"grab your favorite angel, and bring them down to play"

These "children" of hell were so strong they were able to cross through the gates of heaven. The angels saw them and went into a panic. This had never happened before how can this be possible? They tried to fight back, horns were going off, angels were flying around

left and right. And one by one an angel was dragged down to hell with full force. Some torn in half from the strength these demons now possessed. Till there was no one left. Their souls were too pure for hell, so the ones that survived the drag down instantly burned as they entered hell. Heaven was empty and the devil as pleased. He finally had beat god. The devil wants to rub it in his face so he does. Then god tells him

"are you pleased now? so what now what will you do next to satisfy that constant hunger to destroy?"

Then the devil realizes he can never satisfy his hunger and will always want more and more, but what is left when everything is gone? He did not win over god he sent himself into his own hell. A hell were his hunger will never be satisfied.

Perception

sienna.

lobster.

cardinal.

—perception

Tears of Exhilaration

when I

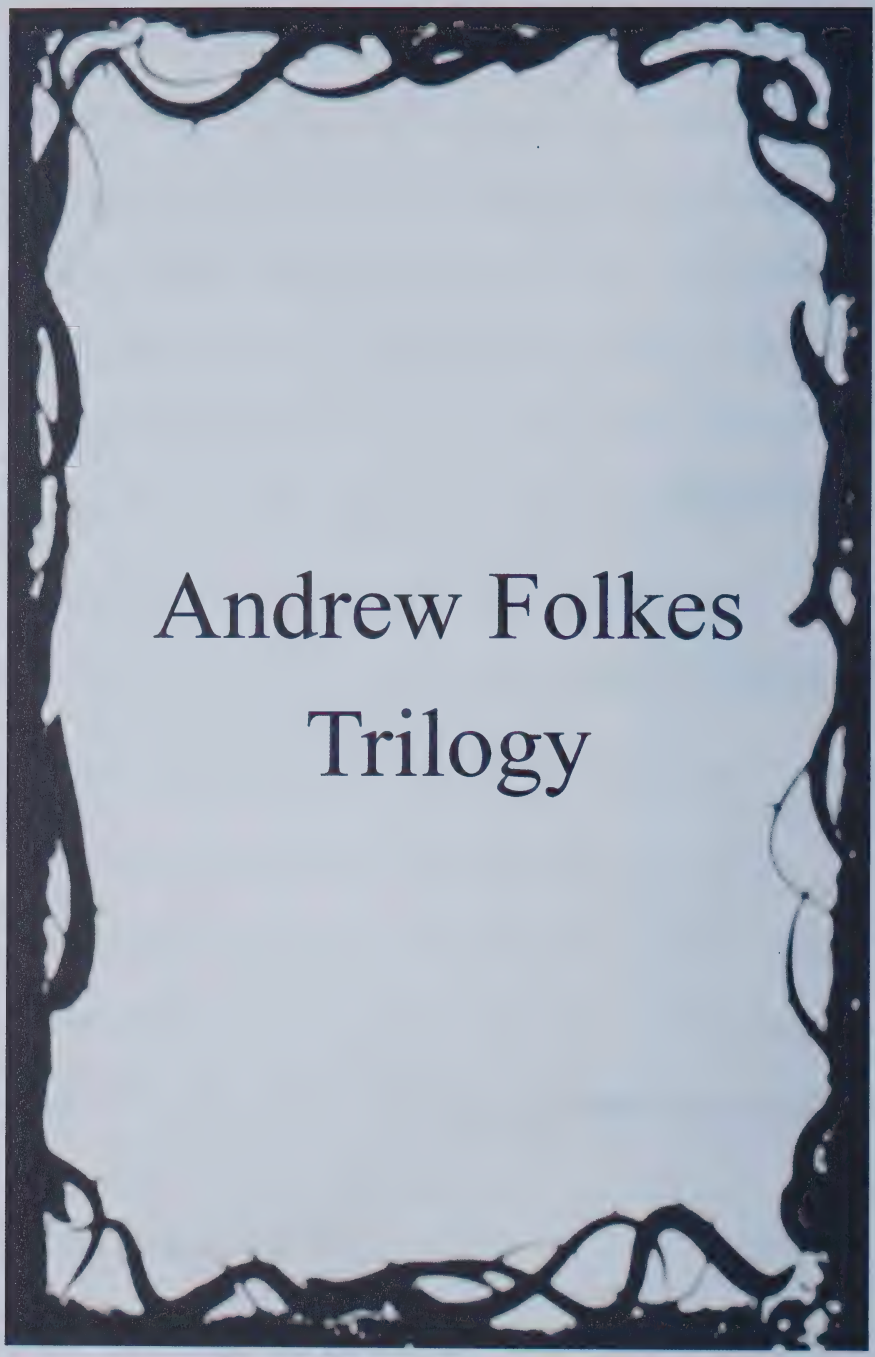
learned to

love

myself.

—tears of exhilaration

By Choon-Hee Chae

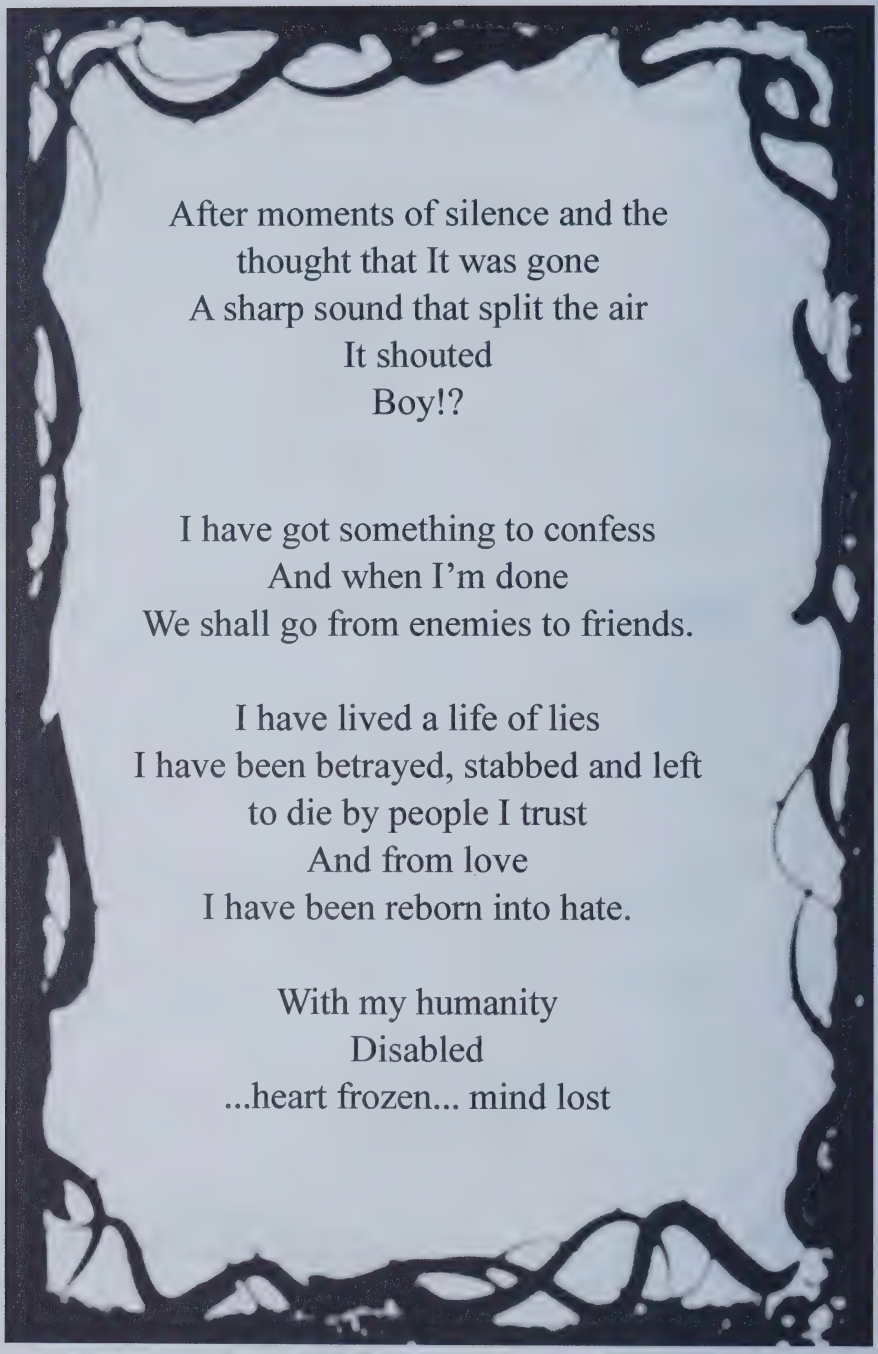

Andrew Folkes
Trilogy

It Was Me

Don't go outside
The eerie voice cries
It will be your downfall
It will be your demise.

Trapped in a box
Where the walls are 90 degrees to be ex-act
And the space around me is pitch black.

I cried and cried
But it never stopped
Filling my mind with horrible images
Holding me hostage
prohibiting me the pleasure of seeing its face
It continued to Terrorize
me non-stop

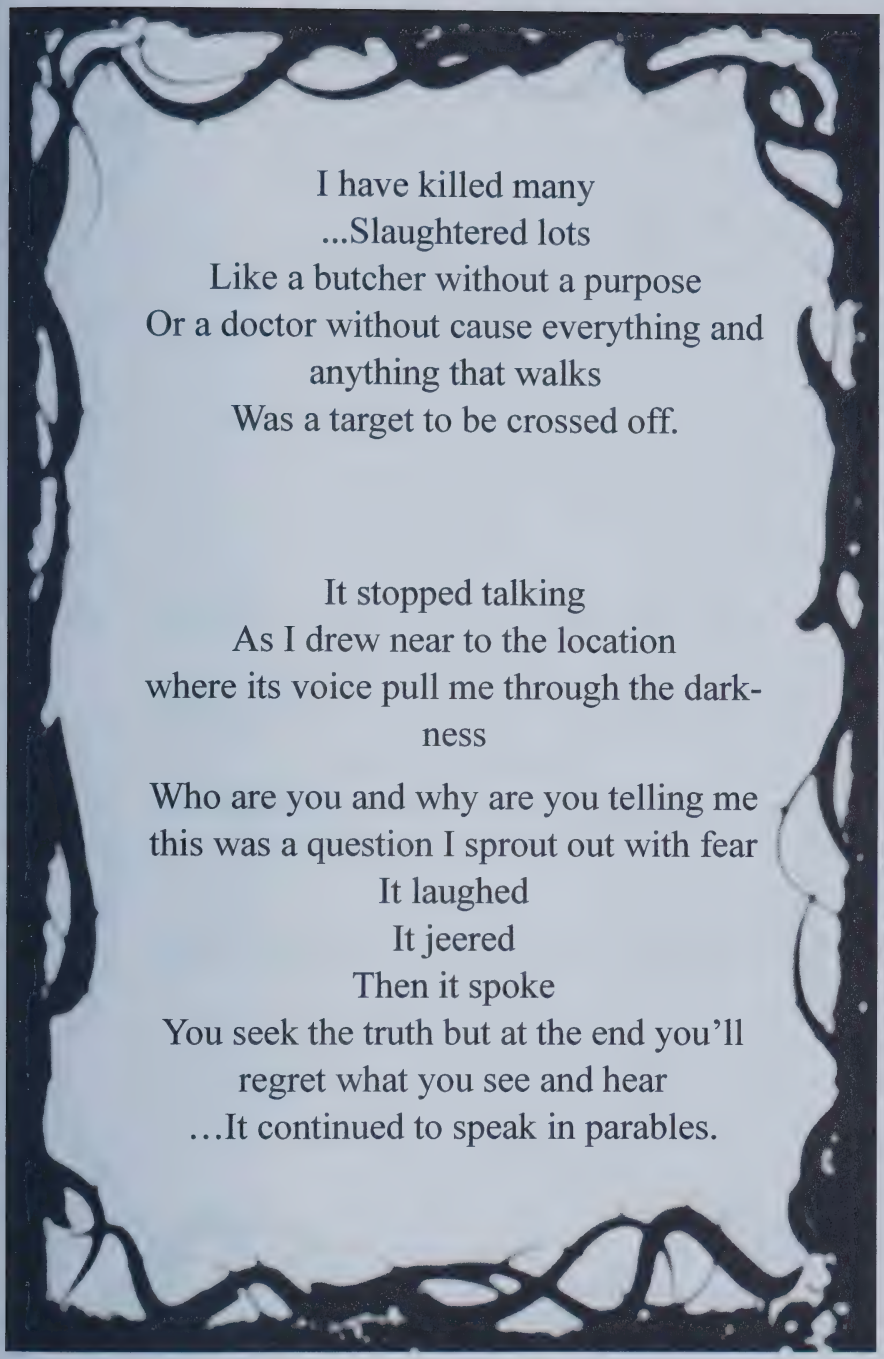


After moments of silence and the
thought that It was gone
A sharp sound that split the air
It shouted
Boy!?

I have got something to confess
And when I'm done
We shall go from enemies to friends.

I have lived a life of lies
I have been betrayed, stabbed and left
to die by people I trust
And from love
I have been reborn into hate.

With my humanity
Disabled
...heart frozen... mind lost



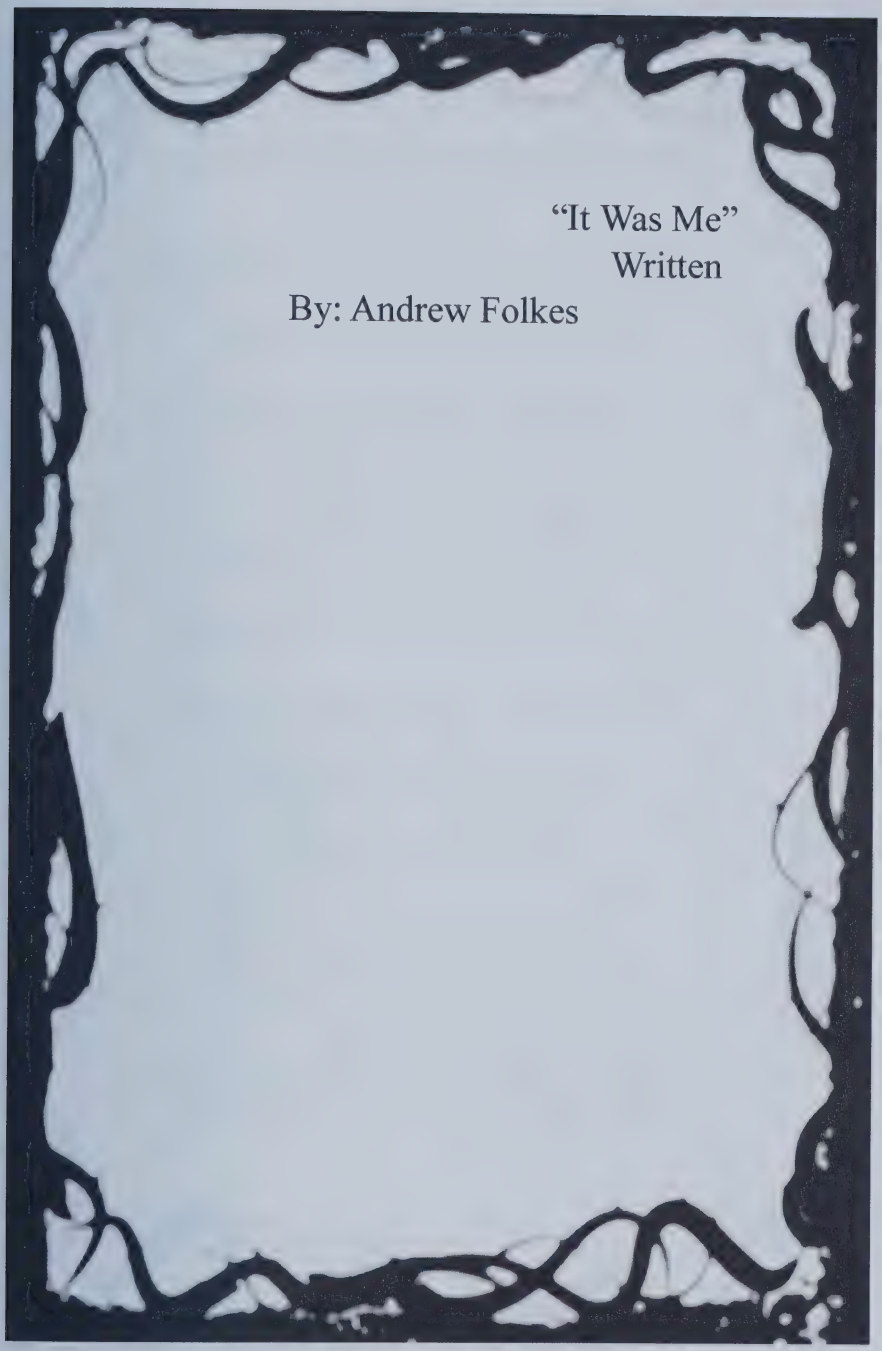
I have killed many
...Slaughtered lots
Like a butcher without a purpose
Or a doctor without cause everything and
anything that walks
Was a target to be crossed off.

It stopped talking
As I drew near to the location
where its voice pull me through the dark-
ness

Who are you and why are you telling me
this was a question I sprout out with fear
It laughed
It jeered
Then it spoke
You seek the truth but at the end you'll
regret what you see and hear
…It continued to speak in parables.

I don't care!
I need to see who is there...
Who is here...
Who is It…

...Come closer
It insists
As I walk closer
A mirror illuminated and from within it
There we were
face to face with our eyes making four
It was standing
... I mean...I was standing… in front of me
I was It.
The monster that is feared and bewared
It was me.


"It Was Me"
Written
By: Andrew Folkes

It

Do you feel it?
The vibrations of negativity
Bouncing from skin to skin
With each contact
The energy amplifies
Shouting let me in.

Do you see It?
The emote-less smiles
The predator stares
That evokes a prey-like fear
Making you feel like a meat
Tender to tear.
You watch as a spectator in awe

As your happiness evaporates into thin air

And your vessel is replaced by sadness, sorrow and fear.

Do you hear It?

A silence so loud it speaks

Like thunders in your ears

Beating your drums like an artist.

It claps, then crack… It rumbles

Making your knee shake

And your heart race.

The shade

from all the nimbostratus

have gathered and plotted in array

to reign on your parade

To turn your day from light to grey.

You can feel It, You can hear It, You can see It

The presence of It seeking attention

Trying to mess with your

Ascension, tension and invention

In hopes to derail your train.

In the end

You never speak to It

You never touch It

You never listen to It

Because if you dare

acknowledge It

You'll die and disappear

But

like the sun's heat on your footwear

or the wind passing through your hair

You know

Always without a doubt

It is there.

"It"

Written

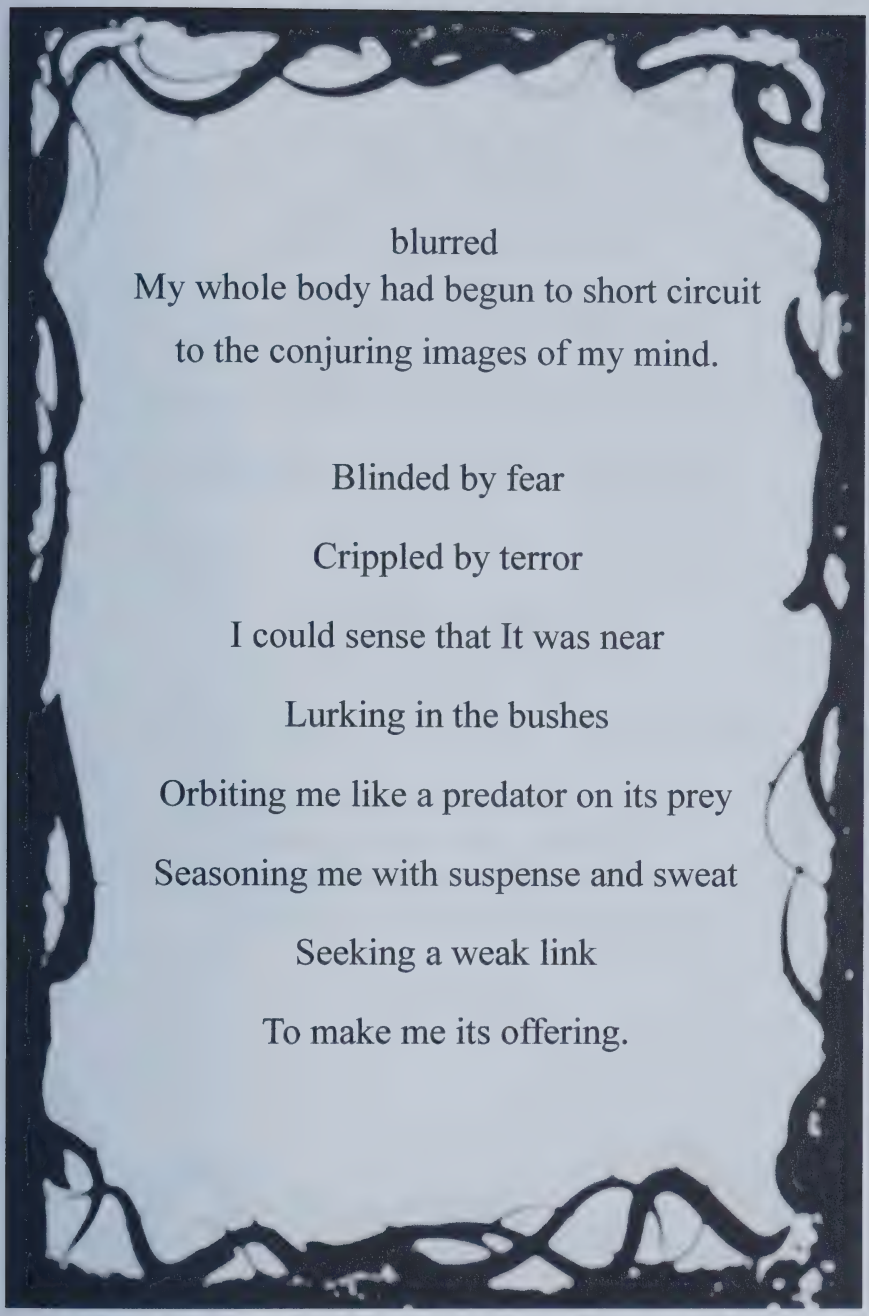
By: Andrew Folkes

It is Near

Shh…
Listen!
Shh…
Don't speak!
The sound of silence
Is swept across the open field
As though the presence of evil is near
The lights dim and the night wind stood still
As the clouds depart leaving the moon bare

Suddenly the silence breaks
And a chill ran across my body
Blood rushes through my veins as my pours tighten

and my hair stood in the air
Then up my throat the pain transcends
My mouth was dry, and my eyes were



blurred
My whole body had begun to short circuit
to the conjuring images of my mind.

Blinded by fear

Crippled by terror

I could sense that It was near

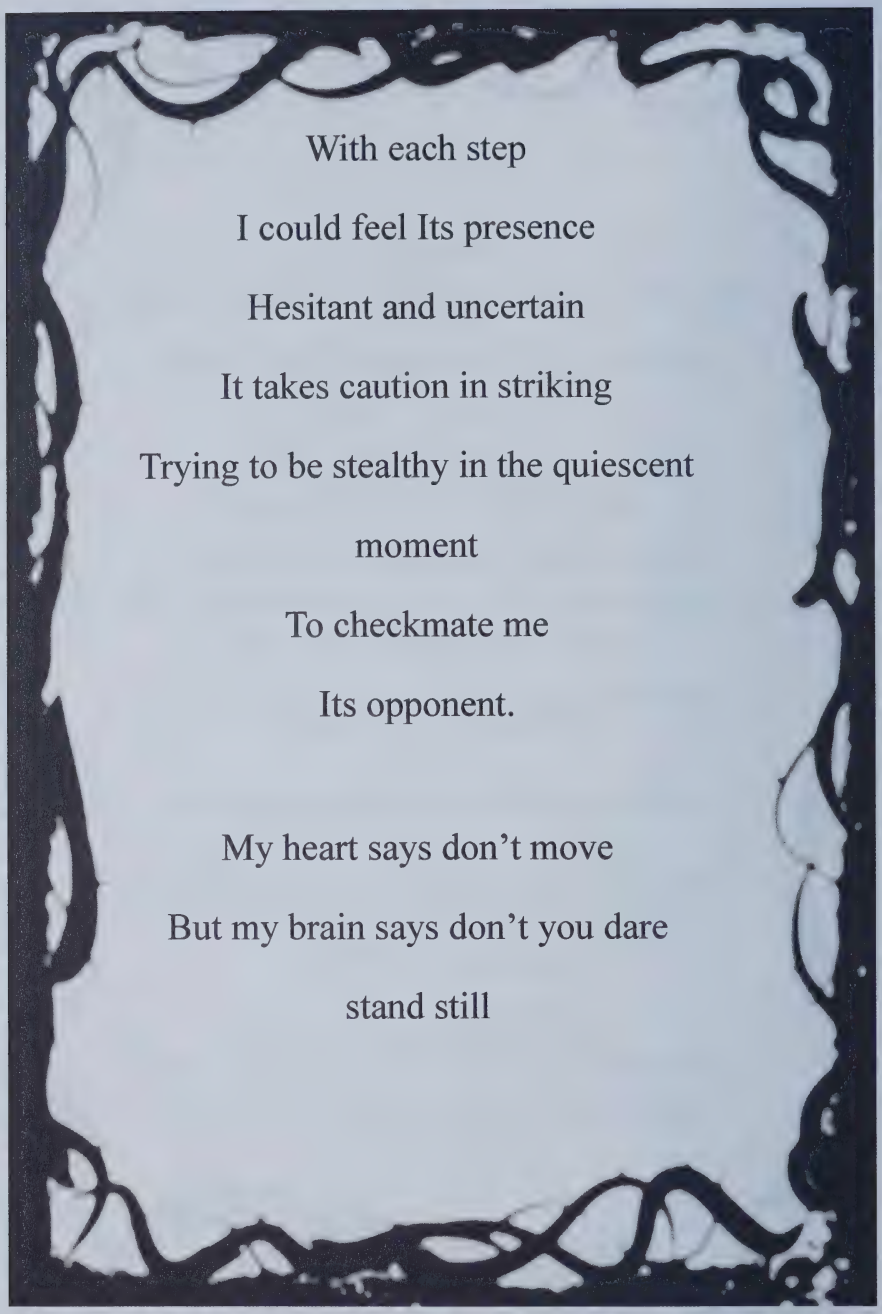
Lurking in the bushes

Orbiting me like a predator on its prey

Seasoning me with suspense and sweat

Seeking a weak link

To make me its offering.



With each step

I could feel Its presence

Hesitant and uncertain

It takes caution in striking

Trying to be stealthy in the quiescent

moment

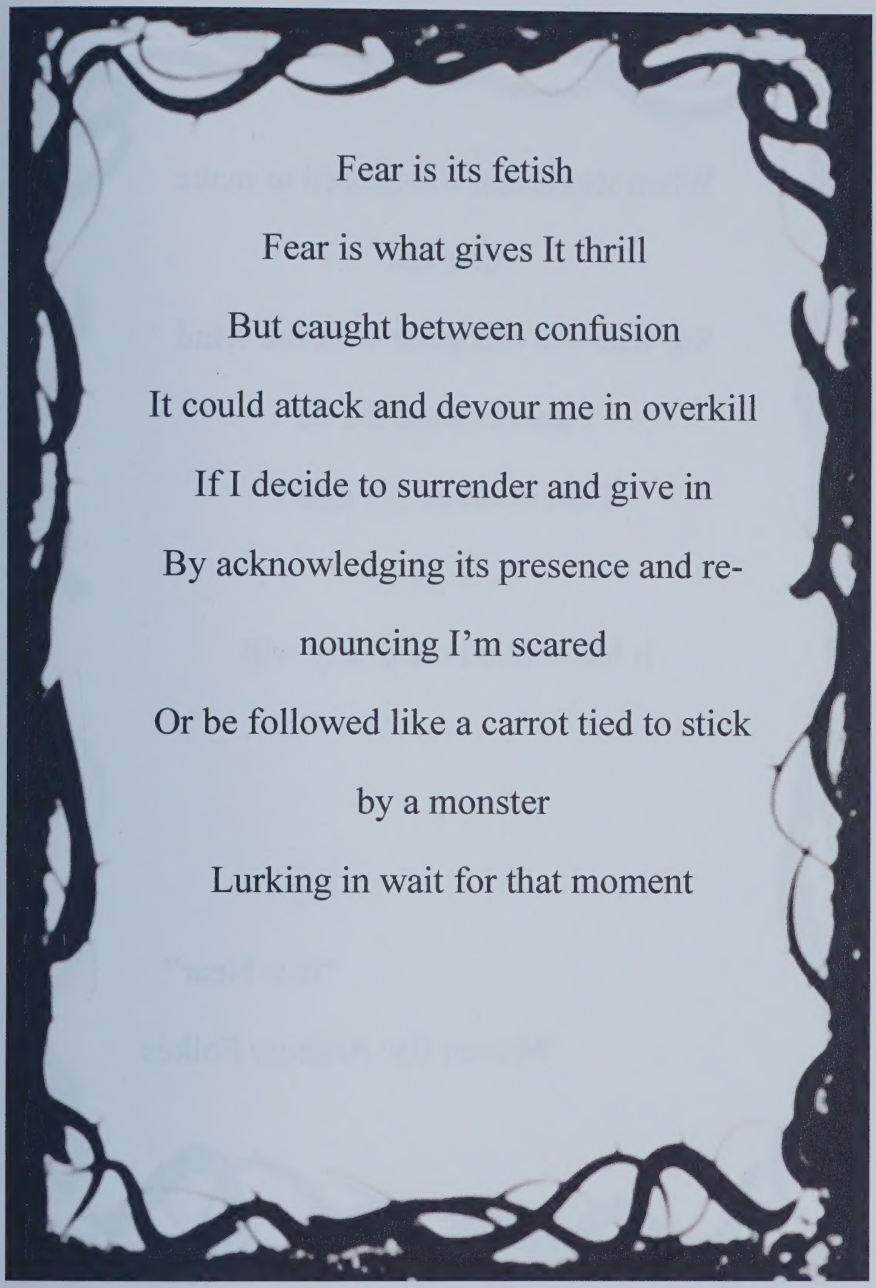
To checkmate me

Its opponent.

My heart says don't move

But my brain says don't you dare

stand still



Fear is its fetish

Fear is what gives It thrill

But caught between confusion

It could attack and devour me in overkill

If I decide to surrender and give in

By acknowledging its presence and re-

nouncing I'm scared

Or be followed like a carrot tied to stick

by a monster

Lurking in wait for that moment

When its certain I'm scared to make

that kill

So, win-win has gone with the wind

I am doomed if I do

I am doomed if I don't

…Sigh…

It has robbed me of my will.

"It is Near"

Written By: Andrew Folkes

Man and Roses
By Andrew Folkes

From seed to flower
Embryo to man
Lives controlled by cycles
Tender and beautiful.
Both emerged from land
Both return to the earth
When one's job is done
Sepal their skin
Petal our blood
Man and roses are different;
One embraces its final stage
The other tries to escape
But in the end they both rise and die the same.